Week ending May 1 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

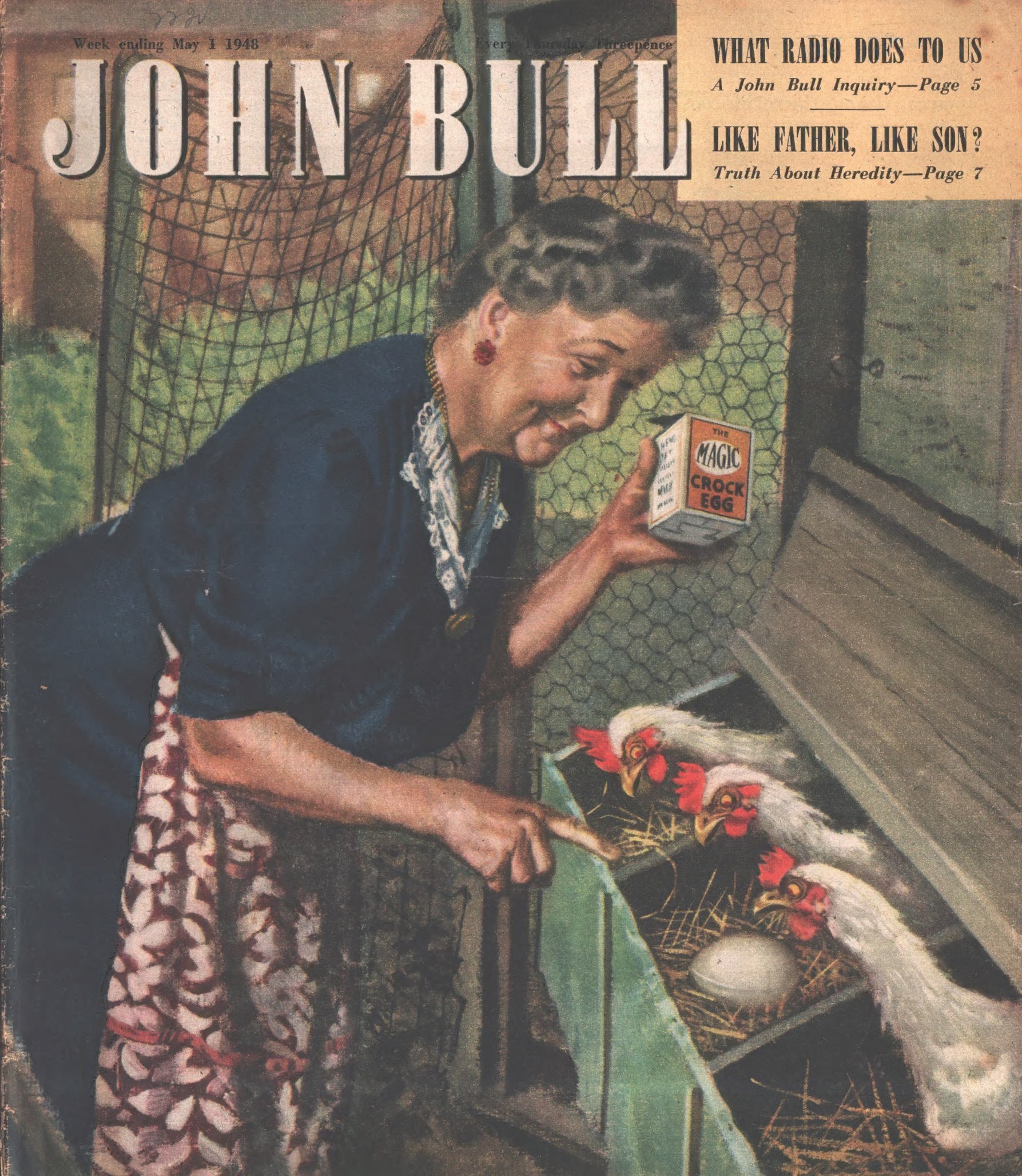
JOHN BULL

WHAT RADIO DOES TO US

A John Bull Inquiry—Page 5

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON?

Truth About Heredity—Page 7



When you have to change your mind . . .

you can change the recipe too!

Naturally, you prefer to plan meals in advance to ensure economy and variety. But sometimes you shop in vain for a certain vital ingredient, and have to change your mind at the last moment. So it's useful to have a basic recipe all ready: one that can be varied in several ways according to what you find in the shops.

SAVOURY PILAFFE — Basic Recipe

This recipe is a good way to make left-overs into an appetising dish —and it also saves on potatoes.

3 oz. dried peas, 6 oz. macaroni, 2 level teaspoons salt, ½ level teaspoon pepper, 4 oz. cooked carrot, 8 oz. sausages, ½ oz. cooking fat or dripping, ½ pint gravy or stock thickened with flour.

Wash the peas, soak overnight and cook next morning in the water with 1 teaspoon salt. Break the macaroni in small pieces if necessary, wash and cook in boiling salted water. Drain and keep hot. Fry the sausages, cut into slices and keep hot. Drain the vegetables. Mix sausage slices and vegetables with the macaroni in a pan, add the gravy or stock and pepper and heat thoroughly. Serve in a hot dish and garnish with triangles of toast or fried bread, and parsley.

The VARIATIONS

INSTEAD OF MACARONI. Pearl barley (if soaked overnight it will cook in about 30 minutes), "mock rice"—there is a little about. A large tin of spaghetti in meat sauce (omit the stock or gravy).

INSTEAD OF SAUSAGES. Sausage meat rolled into walnut sized balls and fried. Any left-over cold meat, cut in small pieces. A combination of meat and sausage or sausage meat. Chopped luncheon sausage, meat loaf or galantine. Cooked flaked fish—in which case, instead of the gravy, use ½ pint white sauce, plain or flavoured with 1 level dessertspoon curry powder.

OTHER VEGETABLES. The peas and carrot in the basic recipe give appetising combination of colour. Try others: cubed swede and tomato slices, for instance, shredded cabbage and parsnip strips. Onion is also very appetising.

This dish is also good, without meat or fish filling, if you use a combination of several vegetables, and add 2-3 oz. grated cheese to white sauce in which to heat the mixture.

Browned crumbs and a little cheese can be sprinkled on the top of the heated mixture and the surface crisped under the grill.

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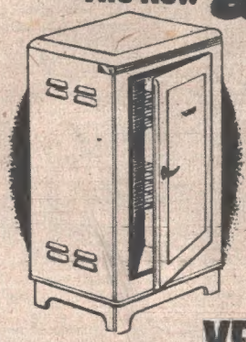

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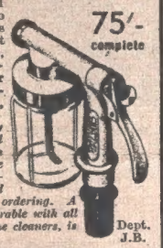

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MAY 1, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2183

Progress Reports

THIS MONTH, BRITISH INDUSTRY is both dressing its shop window and beginning a big clean-up behind the scenes.

In the shop window, more than 4,500 manufacturers will show their wares on twenty-six miles of stands at the British Industries Fair. Because of our economic situation, there has been no more important B.I.F. than this twenty-seventh edition of the great annual trade fair. We believe it will provide heartening proof of the ability and determination of British industry to achieve the high export targets that have been set—given the necessary raw materials, manpower and moral support.

Meanwhile, the Government gives the right lead by pushing on with the Factories Bill. Here is both moral and practical support for progressive manufacturers.

The aim of this excellent Bill is to assist the cotton and other vital industries by the modernization of factories and workshops which are so obsolete that they menace the health of their workers, besides putting a brake on national recovery.

Over the years, many premises built cheaply in the bad old days, or hurriedly adapted from other purposes, have degenerated into industrial slums.

Not only health but efficiency suffers from bad layout, darkness, and poor ventilation and sanitation.

While such places cannot always be scrapped immediately—as they deserve—they can generally be improved, if a little trouble is taken and money spent.

Under the new Bill, such improvements will be compulsory. Callous and greedy employers may be upset, but the workpeople, and the rest of us depending on their efforts, should gain immeasurably. We welcome the Bill as a measure to put through overdue reforms for which JOHN BULL has long campaigned.

No More Hangings

WHATEVER THE OUTCOME of the House of Lords' vote, the suspension of the death penalty is already certain. Such reforms, in our British democracy, are not postponed in defiance of a majority in the House of Commons.

Nor—and here we make a confident prediction—will hanging ever be restored once abolition is on the Statute Book.

True, the no-hanging clause in the Criminal Justice Bill provides only for suspension for a trial period of five years. After that, new legislation will be required to end the death penalty finally.

But it would take a sensational increase in murders before 1953, all directly attributable to the fear of the noose being removed, to reverse the present decision.

Nobody, not even the staunchest advocate of hanging, expects that to happen. And although the immediate practical consequences of its suspension may be arguable, there is no denying that the death penalty made a morbid drama out of what should be a sober act of justice. It was inconsistent with every humanitarian ideal.

But now that hanging is virtually at an end, we hope there will be a speedy overhaul of the terms of imprisonment for convicted murderers. Much of the opposition to suspension has been due to the fear that the worst type of killer, after a maximum of fifteen years in prison, might be set free to find other victims. This dreadful possibility should be removed by making "life" sentences really last for life, in the worst cases, and providing for a medical and legal review of such sentences at prescribed intervals.

Tell Your Doctor

THE RESULT OF THE DOCTORS' second plebiscite on whether or not to enter the National Health Service, which is expected at any moment now, will make no difference to the clear duty of both the British Medical Association and the Minister of Health, Aneurin Bevan.

That duty is to come to an understanding forthwith, so that the service shall start as planned on July 5.

This makes it all the more deplorable that the B.M.A. chairman, Dr. Guy Dain, should have reacted in such a stubborn and irresponsible manner to the concessions announced by Mr. Bevan. Dr. Dain has admitted that the situation is "altered." Yet, a day or two before that, he told the doctors: "We are ready to see the campaign right through. . . . You have the opportunity of standing fast in the position you took up at the last plebiscite."

After the events of the last two weeks, no impartial person who has followed the negotiations between the B.M.A. and Bevan can regard Dr. Dain's views as other than obstructive. It is much to be hoped that he does not represent the feeling of the B.M.A. generally.

It is still more to be hoped that the doctors will not be misled by him into turning down the opportunity of a fruitful compromise. The public interest now demands a settlement.

If you are not satisfied with the behaviour of the B.M.A., you should talk to your own doctor about it. Because it is your influence that will count in the end. You will have to pay for the Health Service. Tell your doctor that you want it to work on July 5—and not just when the B.M.A. chooses.

Replacing Lost Birds

IN SEVERAL PARTS OF ENGLAND a quiet effort is being made this spring both to increase the beauty of outdoor life and to advance the course of science.

It is hoped that several kinds of rare bird, exterminated by man's thoughtlessness and greed, will be encouraged to start breeding again in this country.

Bitterns, ruffs, spoonbills, avocets and other quaint, decorative species were once all common here.

Then, round about a hundred years ago, when more and more wild land was reclaimed for agriculture and firearms were improved, both shooting and collecting became fashionable. So some of our finest birds vanished.

In many cases, a race of birds which took millions of years to evolve was ended in a few years.

Fortunately some of our lost birds can still be replaced from countries on the Continent where their species survives. This is what some enlightened people are now trying to do.

But the success of their experiment depends on making safe homes for the birds in Britain again.

In attempting this, they should have the support and help of every true nature lover.

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TALES WITH A MORAL—NO. 2

Susie and the Scissors

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Susie once befell.
"With scissors," mother warned, "Don't play."
But Susie found them one fine day.
With cries of joy she goes snap! snip!
But suddenly the scissors slip
And Susie, crying now with terror,
Finds she has cut herself in error.

This story has a happy end,
For back comes mother with a friend
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Says Sue, "Next time, instead of crying,
To 'Vaseline'* I will go flying."

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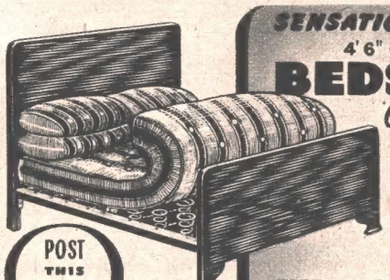

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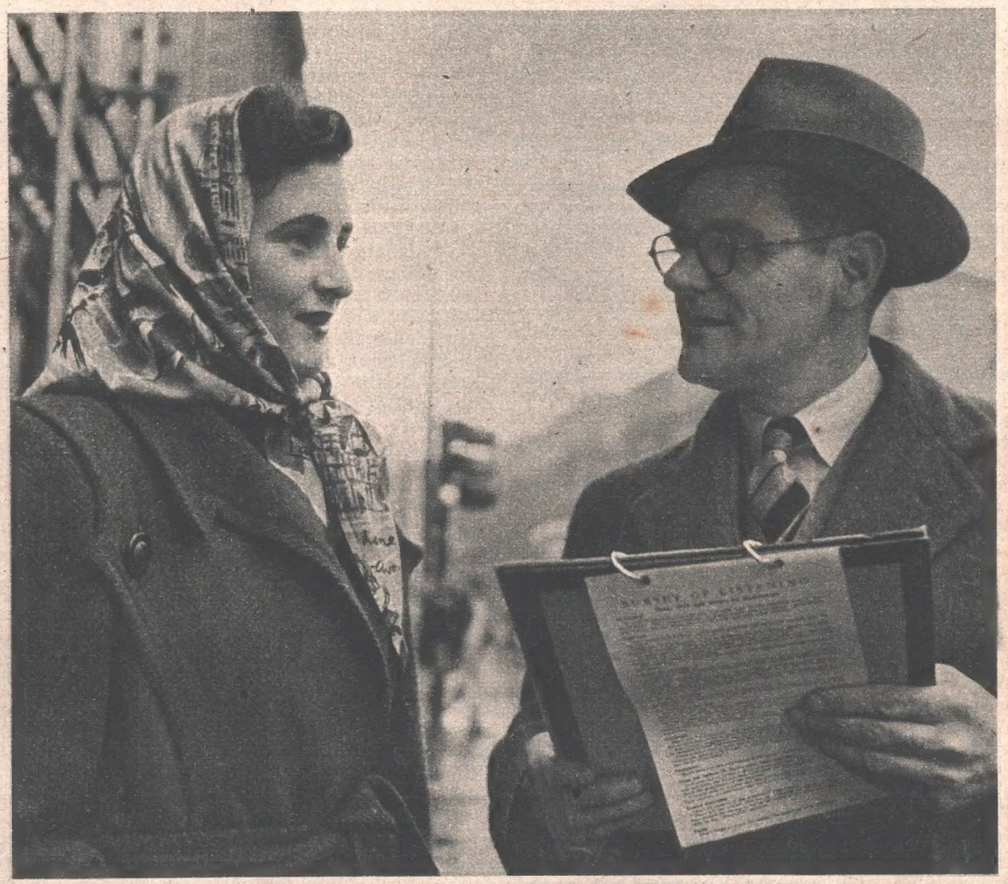
What Radio Does to Us: A John Bull Inquiry by Frank Tilsley

Thirty million men, women and children listen to the radio in Britain. Listener Research gives some indication as to which programmes are favourites—but how many people really know the reasons for their own likes and dislikes? And what does the radio habit as a whole really mean to people? Frank Tilsley has made a thorough investigation of this important and engrossing subject for John Bull. Here is his first article



Frank Tilsley questions Miss Jean Downs of Liverpool. *Down Your Way* is her favourite

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

Good Morning, What do You Think of the B.B.C.?

EARLY LAST YEAR I WROTE a radio feature called *Reclamation in Holland*. Wondering how people had liked this programme, I spent the week or two following the broadcast trying to find out.

I began chatting innocently about radio to people standing next to me in bus queues and sitting opposite me in cafés, gradually steering the conversation towards the feature about Holland. But it seemed that, apart from a few friends, nobody had heard it.

I then waited, without much enthusiasm, for the official B.B.C. figures on this programme, compiled by their Listener Research branch. From these figures I was surprised to learn that the programme had been heard by about three million people.

Now, whichever way you look at it, three million people is a vast multitude; it's about a tenth of the listening population. Surely some of the people I spoke to must have had their radios on during this programme. Then why didn't they remember it? Were the B.B.C. figures wrong or was it that people listened with only half an ear, paying no real attention to any programme unless it had some particular appeal for them?

I took this up with the Listener Research experts. They quickly satisfied me that their figures are approximately correct. "All right," I said, "have you any idea what proportion of people listen properly, really interested, and what proportion merely have their radio muttering away in a corner as a companionable background noise?"

They had no idea. Apparently nobody *has* any real idea of the true effect on us all of this continuous stream of features, talks, music, plays and variety programmes. No technique has ever been invented for finding out what programmes stick in people's minds, what we really get out of radio and what it has come to mean in our lives.

This struck me as extraordinary. Surely there must be some way of finding out the real influence and meaning of radio, the extent of the effect it has on our minds, tastes and imaginations, the way it develops our ideas and influences our actions.

Our speech, our thoughts, the tunes we whistle, the songs we hum, the jokes at which we laugh—they come, for the most part, from our wireless sets. Our whole attitude to life is being formed and transformed by the B.B.C. We are almost like reeds in a strongly flowing river of sound—broadcast sound. Are we all bending to the flow of this river, all bending the same way?

We do not know. Nobody knows. In the words of an eminent critic: "Our ignorance of the effect of broadcasting, upon the many millions of people for whom listening has become a daily habit, is profound."

Apparently there is only one way to overcome this ignorance, to find out what radio really means to people, and that is to go out and discuss the whole thing with the listeners. I decided to begin a one-man investigation. This sounds a big job, and is a big job, but it is not too big. Public opinion polls show that the views and habits of people can be discovered with a high degree of accuracy by sampling a properly selected cross-section of the community. Experts assured me that if I used this method and interviewed a total of some five hundred people spread over different parts of the country I should be able to get a pretty accurate overall picture.

A Week Interviewing People

Listener Research itself uses this method for compiling its figures, so I decided to begin my private investigation by becoming a Listener Research interviewer. In a little office in Portland Place I was briefed for a week's interviewing in Lichfield. An official explained that, unlike me, they were not concerned to find the deeper effects of radio on our minds.

"We are concerned with two things," he said. "The first is to find how many people listen to the various programmes. The second is to find out what people think of the programmes—mainly whether they like them or dislike them. Each of these two problems is tackled in a quite different way.

"The first, finding out how many people listen, is achieved by our interviewers sampling a cross-section of the population. Each day approximately two hundred and fifty interviewers ask something like three thousand people which programmes they listened to. These programmes are marked on log sheets, and the log sheets forwarded to this office. From these we get our total listening figures. We call this part of our work the Survey of Listening."

I examined the log sheets—elaborate detailed lists of all the items on all three programmes for each day. Each item actually heard by the person interviewed was to be ringed with a pencil. There was a log sheet for each person, and a space at the bottom for names and addresses. There were other spaces for technical information—whether it was a battery or a mains set and whether the person interviewed is a man or a woman, with approximate age and social group. There are three social groups, corresponding to what we used to call upper class, middle class and working class.

He gave me a card which showed that out of the twenty people I was to interview each day there

must be one upper class, four middle class and fifteen working class—to keep to their relative proportions in the community.

"Of course you'll have to guess at these categories. Generally speaking the first consists of doctors, company directors, high-grade civil servants, bank managers, senior business executives and well-to-do retired people—or the families of this type of people. The second group are shopkeepers, small business people, most schoolteachers, people with fairly good office jobs, and so on. The third group are industrial and agricultural wage earners, craftsmen or traders working on their own account, and most old age pensioners. You'll have to guess at their ages too. The ages are also divided into groups."

Listeners' Likes and Dislikes

They were divided into four groups, to be exact, and my twenty interviews had to be accurately proportioned between them. Two between sixteen and nineteen, two between twenty and twenty-nine, eight between thirty and fifty, and eight over the age of fifty. There was another space to mark down whether they were satisfied or dissatisfied "on the whole" with the B.B.C. programmes. But nothing to show whether they liked or disliked items.

"You see," he explained, "the purpose of the Survey of Listening is mainly to discover the extent of listening. We find what people think of the individual items in another way. We have a Panel of Listeners—ordinary listeners who volunteer to send us information of what they think of the various programmes. We send them questionnaires, and from the answers we compile reports on each programme."

I immediately objected that the reports could not give very typical information if the Panel of Listeners were volunteers—people who undertake to fill in questionnaires being rather a special type. I suggested the Panel wouldn't include many coal-miners or mill girls, dock workers or farm labourers.

He agreed, but pointed out that the Panel of Listeners did not attempt to give an overall picture of likes and dislikes, but only the opinions of people interested in the types of programme on which they report. Nor did the questions go sufficiently deep to provide me with the sort of information I was after. I could get that information only by getting out into the streets and asking my own questions. So off I went to Lichfield.

A Farmer on B.B.C.'s Reliability

In Lichfield the first man I tackled was a red-faced farmer, looking into the window of a saddler's shop. He told me readily enough what programmes he heard the day before—a Sunday. I ringed these items on the log sheet, obtained the rest of the particulars, and then asked my own questions.

Yes, he said, he listened to the wireless whenever he could. "I haven't time to listen much except to the farming talks, and though I disagree with some of 'em they never tell you *wrong*. That's what I like best about the B.B.C.—it's reliable. I reckon if they tell you right about the things you know, then they must tell you right about the things you don't know."

A farm labourer, on his way to the market, said much the same thing: "These chaps who talk on farming get their figures right. They do know their facts even if some of 'em don't put it over very well."

I quickly found that interviewing people for the B.B.C. is a very pleasant task. The first reaction was the one you always see when people are stopped by strangers in the street—surprise, caution, sometimes even suspicion. But when I told them I was working for the B.B.C.—when they saw those three letters on the folder I carried—they immediately thawed into the most helpful co-operation.

In the whole week only one man out of more than a hundred refused to co-operate. When I went along knocking at doors, to get the housewives' point of view, many invited me into the house.

Although several people grumbled at some of the programmes, or complained that there were too many repeats or too much clashing of good items, they nearly always hastened to add a tolerant footnote. "Of course, we know they can't please everybody. . . . On the whole they put over some wonderful stuff. . . . It's a miracle how they keep up the standard."

Were people satisfied with the B.B.C. service? Well, eighty-three per cent of those I asked were completely satisfied, fourteen per cent reasonably satisfied, and three per cent dissatisfied—including an old woman who told me you didn't ought to start messing about with ether waves. No wonder so many people had nervous headaches and breakdowns. . . .

As figures those percentages look pretty impressive: eighty-three per cent completely satisfied with the programmes. Yet the truth behind the figures was even more impressive, for an overwhelming majority were not only satisfied but had complete confidence they were getting first-rate value.

You think that exaggerated? Then hear what some of the people said when I thanked them at the end of the interview:

"Only too glad to help. Why, the B.B.C. has been a Godsend to us women—the companionship it has brought into the house! Housework used to be the loneliest job in the world, but the radio has transformed it. There are so many jobs you can do and listen-in at the same time. If I leave the kitchen door open I can hear it all the time, whatever room I'm in."

Stranded Without a Set

"Living on a farm, we only come to town once a week, so we depend on our radio. We only realized how much when the set broke down about a year ago. Honestly, we nearly went mad—talk about a desert island! We bought another set, so now we have two, one for emergencies. Without the wireless we should die of loneliness."

"I'm seventy-three and I can tell you the wireless has transformed the world since my youth. We knew nothing when I was a young man of what went on outside our parish. You can take it from me that the wireless is the greatest thing that has ever happened. The B.B.C. gives you the truth about everything, as soon as it's happened, and more good entertainment in one week than we used to get in a year in the old days."

Entertainment. . . . In general people under thirty do not select programmes but leave the radio on as a background noise and expect to be entertained. In general people over thirty dislike the radio as a background noise and wish to select programmes they expect to like. My figures showed *Have a Go!*, *Itma* and *Saturday Night Theatre* as the three most popular programmes.

But I soon discovered the inadequacy of mere figures. Out of the first hundred people to whom I spoke, thirty-seven regularly listened to *Have a Go!* and thirty-four to *Itma*. Taking figures only you would reasonably conclude from this that these two shows run neck-and-neck for popularity. But they don't. *Have a Go!* is tremendously more popular than *Itma*. This soon became clear when I put the log sheets away and turned from facts to opinion. Without exception all the people who listened to *Have a Go!* liked it enormously: "Wilfred Pickles is the best comedian on the air. So natural. So human. Best show in years."

But nearly half the people who listened to *Itma* were critical: "*Itma*'s gone off terribly. It's stale. No good at all now. Played out. They need a rest. It used to be good, yes, but, I mean, we've got tired of it now."

Why Go On Listening, Then?

Of course, there are plenty of people who still like *Itma*—one young man thought that Tommy Handley should have been given a knighthood—but plenty who listen to it regularly don't like it any more. Then why do they listen? Because *Itma* is on at a peak listening hour, because people have got into the habit of listening to it, because of the goodwill this programme has built up in the past—a whole variety of reasons. But these reasons are not shown in the figures. Figures, in fact, give a misleading idea of public likes and dislikes, which is why the B.B.C. does not publish figures of listening habits without special reason. It seems to me that the B.B.C. has still only the haziest idea of listeners' likes and dislikes—and their reasons.

And it has only the haziest idea of the confidence and affection—the trust—in which it is held by the average listener. This, so far, is my most surprising and immediate conclusion.

I had before this been impressed by the high regard in which the B.B.C. is held on the Continent. Mention you are from the B.B.C. in almost any Western European country and you are welcomed like a brother. "You have only to whisper the magic letters, B.B.C.," said one producer, "and all the doors of the rich and poor from Toulouse to Hamburg are opened to you automatically."

But it had seemed to me that radio, like the prophets, lacked honour in its own country. How often have I seen people angrily switch off in the middle of a programme, exclaiming with disgust that there's never anything fit to hear on the wireless. I've done it myself..

Age Makes for Different Attitudes

Yet go round and talk to people really intimately, as I did in Lichfield, and have since done in Brixton, Croydon and Preston, and you find a heart-warming faith in both the capacity and the integrity of the B.B.C.—a belief that what they hear is true, that nobody at the B.B.C. is trying to put anything over on them.

Some people, particularly the older people, who remember the time when there was no broadcasting, are conscious of this: "I reckon the B.B.C. has made the whole country into a new sort of university. In that little cabinet, in the corner there, is all the culture, information and wisdom in the world, all the good music and plays, the entertainment and relaxation which only the well-to-do had access to, at one time. And the beauty is that you can take it or leave it. That's up to you."

But most people, especially the younger people, tend to take all this for granted, as they take a wise and trusted parent for granted, accepting unthinkingly all the shelter, protection and loyalty they are given, but not realizing how deeply their personality, conduct and ideas are being influenced.

And the basic reason for this, the root from which grows the enormous influence and power of the B.B.C., is the established reputation which the B.B.C. has throughout the land for truth and reliability, for getting the facts and figures straight.

A rather hard-bitten greengrocer summed it up very pithily: "I never believe anything these days unless I hear it on the wireless. I often say that to the missus—don't I, lass? If it's true, I say, we'll hear it on the nine o'clock news. If it's not on the wireless, then it's a damned lie. . . ."

NEXT WEEK: Tilsley gets reactions to radio music and drama

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Fix Your Target

A GOOD deal of scorn is poured on those two rather trite phrases, "Leaving no stone unturned" and "Exploring every avenue." They've certainly been overworked, but, for all that, they sum up a good policy.

A simple problem becomes a gnawing worry just because we can't be bothered to look under even half the possible stones or explore even a fraction of the avenues open to us. We try a few and then give up.

Mind you, erratic exploring is not much better than no exploring at all. An explorer needs to plan. Many people fail to solve their problems because they never have any clear idea of the solution they are seeking. They know only vaguely what they want as a result of their efforts.

Always be sure what it is you want of life—or you may not recognize it when you come across it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Winston Churchill started to go bald in his thirties. So, probably, will grandson Winston, seen here with mother, Mrs. Christopher Soames

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

by Harvey Graham, M.D.

Who will baby take after? Why are the Chinese slant-eyed? What makes a man bald at thirty? Genes, the links of heredity, supply the answers

SHEILA'S COTTAGE, winner of this year's Grand National, showed, like Lovely Cottage, the 1946 winner, the effects of heredity. Race-horse breeders have been saying blood will tell for well over a thousand years.

Human breeding is not so carefully organized and not quite so commercialized, but the study of human heredity shows how characteristics are repeated from generation to generation.

Take three generations of your own family. It is odds on that you know of some quirk of character or some oddity that keeps on cropping up—maybe a birthmark, or an odd shape of nose, or curly hair.

How many famous families can you remember in which special qualities have been handed down from father to son? Look at the profiles of King Edward, King George V and our present King. Randolph Churchill started to go bald in the middle thirties. So did Winston and so did Lord Randolph before him. And a similar fate may safely be prophesied for the newest new grandson of this family.

Binnie Hale and Sonny Hale are as famous as their father for much the same reasons. So is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. So is Ida Lupino. How many Barrymores made up the Royal Family of Broadway? The Bach family produced one musical genius and nine men of great musical talent in five successive generations. Kirsten Flagstad has that rare sort of mental tuning-fork which is known as absolute pitch. So had her mother, her mother's father and her mother's uncle.

How are these and other qualities inherited? Or bringing the question home again, if you are about to found a family, what will the new baby look like, and why? Will it have blue eyes or brown, straight or curly hair, a snub or a hook nose, straight eyes or slant, and be tall or short?

For ease of argument take a family which begins with a black-white marriage. If a Negro mates with a white, their children are mulattoes. They inherit white and black genes—gene being the scientific word for the factor responsible for an inherited quality.

Mulatto skins may range from very dark to very light because of the mix-up of black and white skin shades. When two mulattoes marry their children follow a simple pattern. One in four will be pure black, because it inherits a black gene from each parent. One will be white because it inherits a white gene from each parent. The other two will be of mulatto shading because they inherit a white factor from one parent and a black factor from the other.

All of which should end a number of family feuds. A black baby only turns up unexpectedly in an apparently white family when *both* parents have Negro ancestry—and vice versa in the case of a white baby born to a black family. So that blame or praise must be equally apportioned.

Half Father's, Half Mother's

Genes are tiny dots which make up the chromosomes which form the nucleus of a living cell. The human body is made of billions of living cells. When the cell divides into two in the process of growth or repair the nucleus breaks up into chromosomes; greatly magnified they look like strings of beads. The beads are the genes.

When a baby is conceived, the single fertilized cell contains the chromosomes of both parents —half of them carrying the father's inherited characteristics and the other half the mother's.

It is this continuity of bead-like genes that ensures the inheritance of particular characteristics for generation after generation.

Nefertiti was one of the loveliest of the queens of Ancient Egypt four thousand years ago. Today there are scores of girls in Egypt who look exactly like her.

There are scores of women in modern Athens who have to perfection the features that were recorded so faithfully by sculptors who lived and worked two thousand years ago.

Some Traits Never Show

The kinky hair of the full-blooded Negro, the short stature of the pigmy tribes, the slant eyes of Orientals are all characteristics which have been carried by the same genes for thousands of years. These are the *dominant* genes.

Recessive genes may be carried from generation to generation, but never show. Only when a man and woman who both carry the same recessive gene marry and have children is there a four-to-one chance that a child of theirs may manifest that particular characteristic. Otherwise the recessive gene is still there, but does not appear owing to a more vigorous dominant gene.

Blue-eyed genes are recessive. Dark-eyed genes are dominant. Suppose you and your wife both have dark eyes, but you both have blue-eyed relatives. It is possible that you each carry a hidden blue-eye gene.

This would mean, mathematically, that your first child would be dark eyed with dark-dark genes and no hidden blue-eye gene. Your next two children would have dark eyes, but carry a hidden blue-eye gene. Your fourth child would have the two recessive blue-eye genes and with no dark-eyed gene to exert its dominance would have lovely blue eyes.

Other recessives are not so pleasant, but are inherited in exactly the same way. A recessive characteristic like inherited imbecility will only "come out" when the four-to-one chance turns up and a child has a double dose of recessive genes instead of one dominant for normality and one recessive for imbecility, which, therefore, never appears.

To get that double dose one gene must come from each parent. Like the black baby that shakes the village, the idiot-child is the responsibility of *both* parents.

The Parting in Your Hair

Patterns of baldness are inherited. If your father went bald on top you probably will, too—and at much the same age. Whether your hair curls clockwise or anti-clockwise, giving you a parting on the left or on the right, is also inherited. Web feet and cleft palates are inherited as recessive genes.

Cancer as such is not inherited, but a susceptibility to certain kinds of cancer may be. Diabetes is inherited, though it may not manifest itself till late in life. So are certain forms of colour blindness and deafness. Tuberculosis is not inherited, nor is high blood pressure.

And going back to the blue-eyed baby girl, you should also consider her eyelashes. A fortunately dominant gene produces long eyelashes. So if mother has long eyelashes then her daughters, too, will have the long, silky kind that go so well with big, blue eyes.

Some conditions which affect only men are inherited only from their mothers, who are merely "carriers." A sex-linked recessive gene of this kind is responsible for hereditary colour blindness. One gene from mother is enough to make

Continued on page 14

Incident on the Bridge

The world's in a fine state when a local girl can't even cross the river without official tempers getting ruffled and phone bells ringing at headquarters!

THE FRONTIER BETWEEN East and West is no imaginary line. One part of the frontier is the Enns River, which bubbles out of the Alps thin and clear, but is soiled a sullen brown by the time it empties into the Danube four kilometres below the town of Enns.

In Austria everything west of the Enns is American, and everything east of the Enns is Russian except the Vienna headquarters. Since the Vienna garrison is mostly a P.X. unit, a car company, a white-gloved honour guard for the general commanding, and a thousand or so intelligence colonels, it is hardly a tactical force.

So the Enns River is the true boundary. It is spanned by an ugly iron latticework bridge, wood-planked and just wide enough for two-way traffic. The bridge will take Sherman tanks, which the 11th Armoured Division discovered in the spring of '45. It will not take the eighty-ton Stalin tank, and this is considered a good thing by serious students of warfare. On each side the bridge is barred to the traveller by counter-weighted poles, striped red and white. These poles sprout like parasite vines from the fear-poisoned soil of Central Europe, to strangle its communications.

All alone, as planned

On a warm Sunday in the spring of the third year of the occupation, Master Sergeant Sam Dill found himself the lone soldier guarding the frontier of the Western Democracies. This was no accident. He had sent Privates Polchak and Downes on a scouting expedition downstream and manoeuvred Lieutenant Purdy into driving to Linz in the jeep. So Sergeant Dill was all alone, and in a position to date Trudi Elburz when she came back across the bridge.

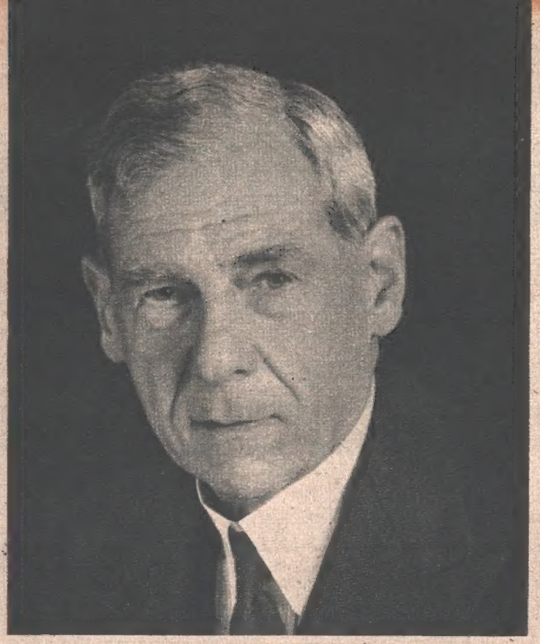
As he had hoped, her bicycle coasted down to the Russian road block while the others were away. She looked fine in shorts and halter, her hair straw-bleached by the sun. The sergeant had entered Europe through North Africa, and had known girls in Casa. and Algiers, Palermo and Naples, Strasbourg and Nuremberg, but Trudi Elburz was something new in his experience.

She had destroyed his faith in cigarettes, chocolate bars, nylon stockings and canisters of coffee as legal tender for love. She didn't believe that all New Yorkers lived in modernistic penthouses, rich in blond mahogany, and danced each night in antiseptic night clubs. She didn't believe all Californians lived in ranch houses, had gold nuggets sunk in the patio, three gleaming new sedans and an oil well behind the garage. If the American sergeants she had met were placed end to end they would have formed a division, prone, and she was sceptical of all of them.

So Sam Dill, who had a half inch more of nose and chin than is usually allotted to a man, didn't think much of his chances.

Now she was arguing with the new Russky officer, and from her gestures he could see she was having trouble. This seemed silly, because the new Russky had let her pass his road block, without question, earlier in the day. The sergeant considered crossing the bridge, offering a cigarette to the new Russky and smoothing things out. There was, however, the order tacked up in the sentry box:

Contact with Russian troops will be made ONLY



Transport Commission Chief Sir Cyril Hurcomb: civil servant who helped start driving tests

Coal Board Chief Viscount Hyndley: a former mine owner, the Tory administrator "goes marching on"

BOSSES OF THE NEW BOARDS

by Claud Morris

Many former opponents of nationalisation today head the new national boards. But we need them—until State industries produce their own top-flight rankers

EMANUEL SHINWELL HAS HINTED that we might cut the pay packets of some of the heads of the national boards—the new kind of big-money businessmen who put their knowledge of how to get coal, run trains or fly airlines at the service of the State.

The major part of British nationalised industry is today run by men who by upbringing, politics and prejudice fought nationalisation for two decades.

"Don't kid me," said my friend, a foreman at a railway station. "The bosses are all busy changing their ties."

Consider the case of Viscount Hyndley, £8,500-a-year boss of the Coal Board. Last year Shinwell, the Socialist Minister of Fuel, went down in a storm of abuse. Hyndley, the Conservative administrator, like time, goes marching on. What's the history of Hyndley? His father, an Eastbourne clergyman, didn't know what to do with his eldest son, until the family came across a friend who was "something in coal." So north went young Hyndley to a Durham colliery office. He stayed fifteen years.

Unlike scores of Durham colliers' sons who worked for mine managers' certificates and found no position open to them, young Hyndley went up into management. In fact, he became a coal owner of considerable power. When Aneurin Bevan raged in the House of Commons against the coal barons, he was one.

In 1914, Lloyd George sent Hyndley a crisp note: "Come to London. Organize the industry and its transport." It was Hyndley's first venture into national administration. The politicians of all parties must have appreciated his presence. He was knighted in 1921 (Coalition), made a baronet in 1927 (Conservative), became a baron in 1931 (Socialist), became a viscount in 1948 (Socialist). In the interim, he became boss of the £34,000,000 Powell Duffryn coal group, whose mines could produce twenty million tons a year.

Hyndley knew every coalfield in the country and most of the eight hundred pits. He was pretty useful to Tory, Liberal or Socialist.

Today Lord Hyndley lives in an eleven-room Georgian house at No. 7 Chelsea Square, S.W. At a time when plaster, basins and bathtubs were as difficult to obtain as foreign credits, he asked for new washbasins in four out of six bedrooms. The Chelsea borough engineer refused a licence. The house, he said, already had three bathrooms.

But the matter was not allowed to rest. It was taken to the Minister of Works himself. And he overruled the council. Lord Hyndley needed the basins for entertaining visitors from the coal industry and overseas. He was one of Britain's vital key men. He headed—as one cynic cracked—the new privileged class.

For our second example take Professor E. D. H. Skinner. At the Bank of England he was Hyndley's friend and associate. Recently Lord Hyndley took him away from finance and made him £6,000-a-year chairman of the Northern Divisional Coal Board. Does the professor know the coal industry? No. But he used to be secretary to Montagu Norman. And financially, I am told, his mental gears engage with more than the usual efficiency.

A trade unionist said in Cardiff last week: "It's a damn shame. The men who once ruined the coal industry are now busy running it."

Whitehall Man to the Core

Now put the spotlight on Sir Cyril Hurcomb, also working at the familiar (or popular) income of £8,500 a year as chairman of the Transport Commission. He is a Whitehall man, soaked in Civil Service lore. With Hore-Belisha, he was responsible for introducing the driving test for motorists—then failed to pass the test himself until his third shot. Most mornings these days you can catch Sir Cyril walking through St. James's Park about nine o'clock on the way to work. This loyal civil servant, they tell me, knows a lot about transport organization.

Can he pass the test today? Is he worth £170 a week of Government money? Keep in mind when you answer that one that Hurcomb pays £105 a week back to the Treasury in income tax.

Our next chief (also transport) is the youngest of the nationalisation directors. He has the reputation of being the liveliest. I knew K. W. C. Grand when he was the assistant general manager of the Great Western. Today, at forty-seven, he runs that line for the Government. He has the round, excited face of a hustler. He never wears an overcoat. He can huff and puff like a Cornish Riviera express on two legs. But I call Mr. Keith Grand the most accessible railway executive who ever walked across Paddington Green.

Of course he comes from the old school—Rugby. He wears the tie.

Grand joined the company in 1919 at Park Royal Goods Station. He was a booking clerk in Ealing Broadway before graduating to higher office. The G.W. made a practice in those days of training its younger executives up through the ranks with a few months in each grade. The price of final admission to the executive circle in the Great Western was always the price of association with one of the important political, financial or landed interests who held a hefty bloc of shares. Grand was one of the few, the very few, who went to the top by real merit.

A local railwayman grunted to me: "The pay packets of these railway chiefs still look a bit uneven compared with my £4 12s. 6d. a week."

Now let's take to the air—most costly of all the Government's nationalised brood. The chairman is Sir Harold Hartley. Antecedents: Research scientist, brigadier-general, Balliol don. Before the General Election, I saw his massive, dome-like head bobbing in animated conversation. He was standing on the cliffs near St. Ives, Cornwall. He had come out to visit the rockery of W. Arnold Forester. Forester is a Socialist planner of repute. He prepared the Labour Party's policy pamphlet on civil aviation. Sir Harold, the business chief, had little idea then that he would be called on to run the plans Forester was hatching.

No Socialist, Sir Harold. But they made him chairman of B.O.A.C. He had built up British internal airlines. Badly run as they always seemed to be, Hartley did the job on very little money. He had a good record and excellent qualifications.

They'll Be Criticized But—

The rise of Hyndley and Hartley, Hurcomb and Grand, is the rise of a new type of manager. Remember the names. They sit on a new type of management board which remedies the relative inactivity that has crippled British coal and British transport for half a century.

They're going to get hunks of criticism from left and right. But in the Army we don't sack good generals because they went into Pop at Eton, or spent a few years at Trinity College, Cambridge.

What's the real point to remember? Here it is. The kind of world you and I want to see is a world where promotion by privilege is replaced by promotion by ability. In South Wales, I remember, there was once a young man called Aneurin Bevan, who was driven out of the coalfields by the lack of opportunity. Hundreds of other young miners and railwaymen—not all whalebone between the ears—found the road upward blocked. Many turned to politics, others to journalism, others to business.

They still got to the top, because in most cases you can't stop real ability. But the country's most important industries lost their most important raw material—young men of character, brains and imagination, who talked the language of the men they worked among. We breed them here. It is up to the new national boards to see that they are trained and used.

Transatlantic Glamour

by Roland Wild

A big Atlantic liner is about to sail. Where are the bands, the farewell parties? Gone for now, and with them the unrestricted luxury of life on board. Today the Bank of England rules the waves

SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS

THE SHIP LIES LIGHTLY TIED to the shore, ready to go. It is the big moment. It is the half-hour of tears and wild parties, photographers' flashes and bands playing. Or is it?

For the glamour has left the sailing of a big transatlantic liner. "All visitors ashore!" they still shout through the public address system. But there aren't any visitors any more.

The only men to hurry down the gangway to shore are Customs men, immigration men, currency officials and shipping men. The cabins are quiet. The mood of the departing liner is not one for gaiety just now. Grimness has come to the romantic moment when the last line is cast ashore and another transatlantic journey has begun.

Here in Southampton, and in Liverpool and New York and Montreal, I have watched the gradual stripping of the big moment of all its excitement.

The currency men are the villains of the piece. Currency regulations made it necessary to ban all visitors on board, whether on departure or arrival. Currency regulations force the traveller, even when he is travelling west to east from America to England, to study the prices on the wine list and check his own hospitality. Currency regulations cause his mail to be opened when the Post Office bags are opened on board.

And when the flower-shop girls carry aboard their hundred or more bouquets on the departure of the Queens of the Atlantic, currency officials probe into the orchids and prick their fingers on red roses in their search for folding money.

New Law of the Sea

"Red roses for remembrance," they say. "The lady's boy friend *might* have forgotten the law."

The Law of the Atlantic is that the traveller in either direction is permitted five pounds in sterling and fifty dollars for immediate needs. These are provided by his bank by permission of the Bank of England Foreign Exchange Control. His travellers' cheques, also supplied by the Control, are not available for exchange on board.

Clutching the sterling in one hand and the dollars in the other, the first-class passenger on a seven-day run to New York begins the first encounter with his conscience. Tips will amount to £3. The attractions of a first-class bar and the tradition of hospitality at sea may easily account for all of the fifty dollars. He steels himself to walk past the shop where chocolates are for sale without coupons, and he must wave the wine list aside. Otherwise he may walk down the gangway to Manhattan without visible means of support.

The examination of his private mail is necessary because he has already passed through a currency examination, and might be receiving money after making his sworn statement to the officials. Customs men deal gently enough with the bouquets delivered to the lady's cabin, but they are still taking no chances.

Similarly, the last-minute generosity of friends might lead them to transfer precious notes to the traveller, so the farewell party is overboard for the duration of currency restriction. And friends greeting a passenger before he has been checked might easily take charge of his smuggled gems or his illegal notes. So the big liner of today slinks in and out of port.

Far away, the other side of the Customs Iron Curtain, relatives and friends wave forlornly, cut adrift from luxury at sea. But at any rate *they* can cash a cheque.

Strangest feature of the regulations is that at last, after a half-century of tradition, the transatlantic gambler has vanished. It isn't worth his journey any more. In every public room, on every liner on "The Pond," the notice was displayed: "Gamblers are on board. Passengers are warned not to play cards for money with strangers." Now the pursers have taken down the warning. Gamblers are ashore these days, for there is no percentage in spending a hundred pounds to fleece a few gullibles of their fivers and their fins. What shipping companies and international police tried to do for years, the dollar shortage has done in one stroke.

"For the time being at any rate they have disappeared," said a C.I.D. man at Southampton. "They won't travel just for the sea breezes."

When pursers have difficulty in explaining the regulations to irate, impecunious and frustrated passengers waving their useless cheque books, it is inevitable that there spring into the breach those comforters of all voyagers, the men behind the bar. Fred and Charlie and Bert are not only mere barmen these days. They have become experts in international finance, Baruchs of the Bar and Montagu Normans of the polished Mahogany.

The dapper and diplomatic barman on one of the liners lectured me nightly on the intricacies of currency control as he accepted dollars and gave change in pounds on a system all his own. Passengers on all liners seek counsel from barmen, dining-room stewards, library stewards.

"Several times we are offered cheques instead of tips," said a Cunard White Star bedroom steward. "We have to explain that to accept a sterling cheque while at sea is illegal. We don't know why, except that it is probably illegal to do anything that is convenient. Then some passengers say they will send a cheque on later to our home addresses. Sometimes they do. . . ."

It is also illegal for an arrangement to be made with an American citizen travelling to Britain whereby he supplies dollars on board against a promise to pay sterling in Britain, since this constitutes a sale of pounds for dollars. But there is no objection to a British traveller making a trip to America if he is to be entirely supported by American friends or relatives.

One traveller said: "I have a niece in New York. I got on the ship with my five pounds and no dollars. I spent only two pounds on tips, and walked off the ship without a cent in American money. Two months later I was deposited back on the ship with my remaining three pounds, enough for tips and a train fare in England."

Business Men Get More

Train fares in America can also be paid in sterling in Britain, and the business man is allowed dollars to the total extent of £8 a day, recently reduced from £10 daily, for his expenses. Many have protested that this is over-liberal, but the business man replies that hotel expenses and necessary hospitality make this none too generous.

Cunard White Star, in whose ships more than 100,000 passengers sailed the Atlantic to and from Southampton last year, carried many who tell stories of frustration and bewilderment.

Often, where a business man took his wife with him, the Bank would refuse her concessions as a director of the firm or employee and only allow the standard amount for a journey that might take in 50,000 miles.

And always the harassed purser stood at his counter with the new phrase on his lips: "I'm sorry, sir, but we cannot help in any financial deals." Today, it is checkmate on the Atlantic.

Cases are quoted still of the ship's servants who can buy large houses in the country from their tips and their pay of £750 a year. But Mike Coppel, for forty years a bedroom steward in the big ships bound for New York and the Pacific, was content to be away from making beds and serving breakfasts, and down to more robust work in the ship.

"Those were the days," he said. "I was bedroom steward in the Kaiser's suite on the old *Leviathan*, and a hundred-dollar tip was not very unusual. Then, during Prohibition, some passengers got cold feet at the last minute and left me with a dozen bottles. But that's another story. . . ."

Customs Are Polite But—

Jimmy Lawler, famous purser of the *Aquitania*, regarded a ship on the Atlantic as the home of luxury rather than a financial debating house, but the luxury these days is tempered as the cabins have become utility. Mostly, the conversation is of the ordeal of the Customs examination awaiting every passenger, though Customs men on both sides of the Atlantic are maintaining their reputation for a modicum of politeness under difficult circumstances.

"It does no harm," said a Liverpool Customs man, "if they think we are going to be tough. Some of them really believe that every passenger will be stripped and searched for illegal currency. In fact, we have screens behind which we can search passengers thoroughly. But we don't do that to the ordinary man or woman; most times we get a tip-off when there's anything wrong. Usually it's from an anonymous caller, for there's no reward for information. Then we take special precautions. But I don't believe the general examination is any tougher than it ever was."

The Customs men also rely on information for their big hauls of dutiable goods being smuggled ashore. Present shortages have added to the rewards of smuggling, and prosecutions of employees on liners have become so frequent in British ports that newspapers hardly trouble to print them.

A barman was fined £2,000 recently for attempted smuggling of spirits—three times the value of the goods. In Southampton, for attempted smuggling of tens of thousands of cigarettes, a gallon of champagne, seventeen bottles of spirits, fifteen pairs of stockings and other goods, the fine imposed on the canteen manager and some barmen of one liner was £455.

"But you still can't search a whole ship," said a Customs man.

"Although there aren't any new places in a ship to hide goods, we still have to rely on the tip-off."

One of the currency mysteries facing the honest traveller is the fact that he can buy his five one-pound notes, legally, for two dollars sixty cents each in Canada, or even less in the U.S.A., against the regular pegged rate of over four dollars to the pound. The Royal Bank in Montreal offered me my five pounds for thirteen dollars. I signed a form for this transaction which seemed redolent

is Overboard

of the black market in currency. But the purchase is limited to five pounds.

In New York, pound notes can be bought fairly freely for a little over two dollars. If it were not for the heavy penalties and the enforcement of the regulations, cheap pounds bought on the free market could flood Britain.

The other week, as a casual shopper for a single berth in Cockspur Street, London, I was offered four passages to America, varying from a second-class fare via French Line for £45, to a first-class fare on the *Queen Mary* for £100 minimum. The Canadian Pacific is full up for months to come with emigrants to Canada and business men, but airlines are less busy. This spring, the new *Mauretania* comes back into service from cruises, and autumn will see the return of the *Ile de France* and the *Liberté*, formerly the German *Europa*, and other ships for lesser companies.

Americans Get Quick Service

The forty Customs men who line the Southampton sheds for the examination of passengers from the big ships, and the men in blue who await anxious travellers from the C.P.R. ships in Liverpool's leaky caverns of His Majesty's Customs, are not looking forward with any relish to the new increase in Atlantic travel.

Mostly, they ignore the Americans, for the dollar is still the passport to good service, and an American citizen was through the Customs with his car, and the tank filled with petrol, within two hours of a ship arriving in Liverpool the other day.

The Customs men know, too, that all over the U.S.A. they are reading the advertisements which say, "Come to Britain! You will enjoy real old-world hospitality and service!" The appeal is being answered by thousands of Americans, partly out of curiosity to see a "real bombed town," and partly because of affection for the Briton.

Already, American tourist agencies have been able to put into operation their carefully planned schedules. One Texas firm has been taking its customers from Houston, Texas, to London, Edinburgh, Stratford-on-Avon, Paris, Rome and Brussels, and back to Texas within a month. The fare is $2,000, or £500, and the hotel accommodation includes the best in London.

Dodging the Chalk Mark

Apart from the passengers, who might be wearing mink coats worth double their purchase price in Britain, the docks police at the big ports have their anxieties over the crews. At Southampton, forty police are on duty at a time checking workmen in the dockyards, and some hauls have been made of dutiable goods passing through the gates without that faint but valuable chalk mark that can only be given by the Customs men.

Today, the police consider they have the right to stop a man and invite him to explain what is in his pockets. The total of seventy men in Southampton docks know that the temptation to make a quick profit has never been so strong.

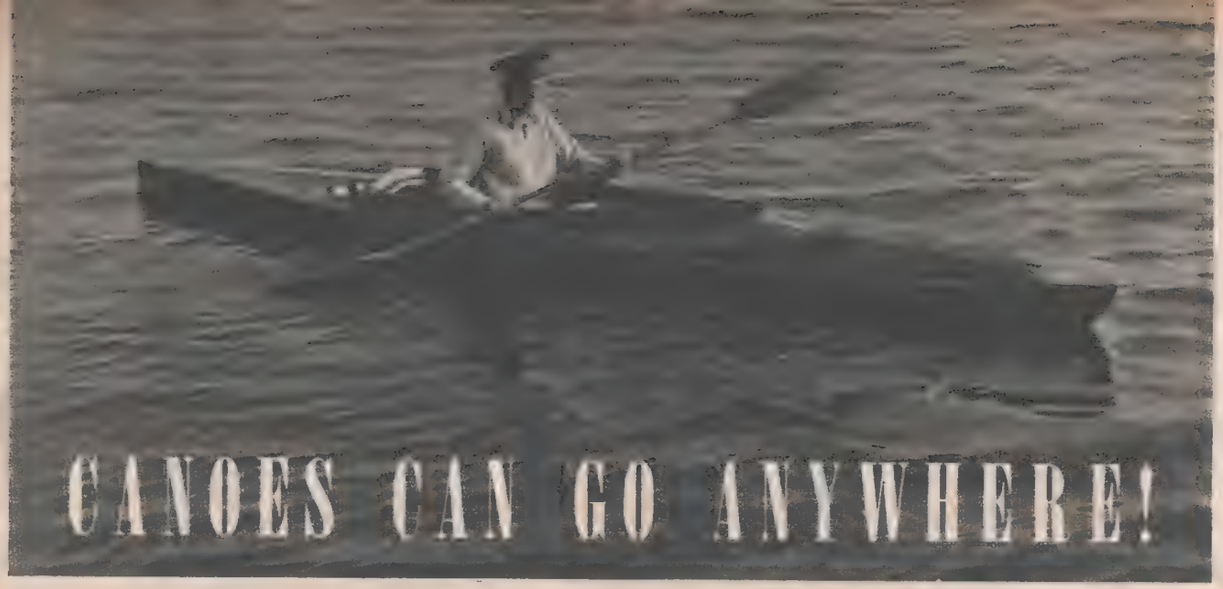
Day by day, with the tide of emigrants and the red-tape-bound travellers who cross the Atlantic only by permission of the Bank of England, there are human dramas in the sheds, on the gangways, in every stateroom and third-class smoking-room.

Once upon a time, Noel Coward included the sailing of a transatlantic liner among "These Foolish Things" which brought nostalgia. "The *Ile de France* with all the gulls around her," he wrote.

The gulls are still there. But the glamour has gone from the Frantic Atlantic, and Britain's regulations have made the old gay ceremony of departure and arrival into a grim ritual.

The big moment before the *Queen Mary* leaves. Farewells must be remote. Visitors, not now allowed on board, take shelter from rain in the cabin of a dockside crane

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp



CANOES CAN GO ANYWHERE!

* John Bull photograph by William Kemp

by John May

Canoeist in the picture, Noel McNaught, often shoots rapids—but you can keep near the bank and still paddle places

NOEL MCNAUGHT is a name you may see in the newspapers this summer under some such heading as "Canoeist Attacks Channel Record." The canoe will be an affair of rubberized canvas stretched over a wood and metal framework. Its present harbour is the glassed-in veranda of a house in St. Mary's Road, South Benfleet, Essex.

In everyday life, McNaught is a shipping clerk. He has what amounts to an addiction for water. As an R.N.V.R. liaison officer during the war he served with the Norwegians in Atlantic convoys. Now he inspects stores aboard tramp steamers in London docks.

The McNaught home stands high, looking out over Benfleet Downs towards Canvey Island. Woodland paths lead down to a tidal creek. There, for £1, McNaught bought an old wooden canoe when he was invalided out of the Navy.

He decked it in with pieces of canvas kitbag and made a back rest from an old cricket pad. But this was in the first days of June, 1944: "D-Day" was due, and all pleasure boating in the Thames Estuary was banned.

McNaught, impatient, decided on a secret night-trip round Canvey Island. A tide race caught him off Deadman Point. In the dark at another place he hit a large buoy. He waded through phosphorescent shallows and had to wait two hours for the tide. As he paddled his canoe home again in a pearly dawn all was silent save the seabirds crying across the marshes. That fifteen-mile voyage inspired him to find out all he could about canoeing.

Hour to Put Together

There are thousands of canoeists in Britain, though only a few are so intrepid as McNaught. Their favourite craft are "folding" or "collapsible" canoes (built something on the lines of the Eskimo kayak) which take about an hour to put together. Weekends and holidays bring them out like dragonflies in the sun. Many women are among them, and couples often paddle rhythmically together in a double-seater.

There are many types and sizes of craft, from nine to seventeen feet long. Most of them are just over two feet wide. Some people build their own. A new "collapsible" designed for pleasure cruising costs from £20 upwards.

Strewn about before it is assembled, a folding canoe looks like the wreck of a model airship. A stranger who came suddenly on McNaught putting the bits together said: "Good heavens! Has your tent blown down?" Yet when the two halves of the framework of ash rods and metal cross-frames are slipped into each end of the skin, and the central flooring locks everything into position, nothing could be sleeker.

Wheels, tent, small primus, food and clothes (in waterproof bags) stow away below decks. One cycling canoeist who trails his folded craft behind him on the road folds his bike at the water's edge and packs that into the canoe.

There's a knack in grasping the sides of the craft so as to step safely into it without upsetting. Three inches of water are enough for floating, though twelve inches are required for comfortable propulsion with the nine-foot long, double-ended paddle. Because of this extremely shallow draught canoes were used last year for rescue work in the Fens where other craft could not go.

Last January, McNaught heard that the Severn was over its banks. That sort of thing is a challenge to a canoeist. He hurried home, ate a quick meal and left in time to catch the midnight train from London to Shrewsbury. Launching on the swirling brown waters on Saturday morning, he canoed downstream to Bridgnorth, where he stayed the night. He reached Worcester the following afternoon, paddled his canoe round the racecourse and finished at the grandstand: sixty-four miles in ten exciting hours.

Long before this trip he had, too recklessly, tried rapid water on his second canoe outing. From Ludlow, on the River Teme, he paddled past the cider town of Tenbury and went on through hopfields and cherry orchards to the Severn. On the second day of the forty-mile cruise he rounded a blind corner, hit a fallen tree and found himself upside down, wedged under water in the capsized canoe. Next morning he had to dive for his money, sunk to the river-bed in a tin.

Beginners Keep Clear

Since the war McNaught has canoed more than 1,500 miles in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and "over the sea to Skye."

His is the adventurous side of what can be the safest of water sports. His favourite rivers, the Usk and the Teifi in Wales, are wild horses which only experienced experts should try to ride. Beginners enjoy slower rivers — the Thames, the Cam, the Stratford Avon, the Bedford Ouse—and the network of calm canals which covers Britain.

Before the Canoe-Camping Club allows a youngster at its Chertsey Camp to take a canoe out single-handed on the Thames, he must be able to do four things: swim fifty yards downstream, swim twenty-five yards against the current, capsize and swim ashore with the canoe, and get into the canoe in the water.

Many a canoeist will enjoy a lazy holiday this summer without need of such spectacular manoeuvres.

Water, fresh or salt, is never far away in England and Wales. In my experience there's no greater pleasure at the seaside than the rise and fall of a canoe on a slow summer swell, the plunging through light breakers and the crash landing in a rush of surf on sun-warmed sand.

Freedom to explore the loveliest and least-known countryside of these British Isles: that is the "passport" wrapped up in the bulky canvas bag which canoeists will fetch from the attic or the cupboard under the stairs in the next few months.

Along that wriggling line marked in thick blue on the map, canoes can go anywhere.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE OUTPUT of these three hens would make a Whitehall planner weep. So, to give the laggards that "produce or die" feeling, their mistress placed a china egg in one of the nests. This was where the artist, Yates Wilson, came in, and the reaction to the intended incentive that was expressed on the hens' faces—"like so many shocked spinsters," says Yates Wilson—provoked the cover painting. They haven't got over the shock yet and steadfastly refuse to lay.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON: from page 7

her sons colour blind. But it takes two such recessives, one from the mother and one from the father, to make a daughter colour blind. So four per cent of all men are colour blind and only one per cent of women.

The other well-known sex-linked recessive gene is that responsible for the dread "bleeding" disease, haemophilia. Some blood-clotting factor is absent in haemophilics and the extraction of a tooth or any trivial cut may make them bleed to death.

Queen Victoria was a carrier of the haemophilia gene. Fortunately, it never affected King Edward and his descendants. But it did affect the son of one of her granddaughters—the last Tsarevitch, whose haemophilia led to the calling in of Rasputin. Another granddaughter, the Queen of Spain, transmitted the gene to Alfonso's son, the Count of Covadonga, who bled to death after a motor accident at Miami, Florida, in September, 1938.

All this is only the beginning of the story of the genes, but it means that there is a rational basis for the "like father like son," and for the animal breeders' "blood will tell."

Eugenics, which is the application of the principles brought to light by geneticists, has two trends. Negative eugenics takes several forms. Forbidding the marriage of people whose children will be imbeciles or haemophilics is one, and this line has been taken up by the Scandinavian countries.

Another form is the sterilization of these same people. Twenty-six of the American states have sterilization laws, and more than thirty thousand people, most of them women, have been sterilized by surgical operations so that they cannot produce children and hand on their anti-social genes.

Improving the Human Stock

Positive eugenics, which is concerned with creating conditions for the production of "better" children, is much more hopeful.

This is not a question of taking only the good and the beautiful, forcing them into marriage and ordering prompt breeding. Kaiser Wilhelm tried to breed seven-foot grenadiers by pairing off seven-foot grenadiers with six-foot Aryan blondes — and the results were spectacularly poor.

The issue is much simpler. In every class and all over the country there are excellent young people marrying and producing too few children too late in life. The reasons for this are well known. Most of these couples would like to get married young and would like a family. But they lack houses of their own and the money with which to support children.

Marry Too Late in Life

Any young man or woman who has succeeded, after starting from a poor home, in fighting his or her way through a university and into a profession should have lots of children who are likely to be equally as valuable. But it is exactly these desirable fathers and mothers who cannot afford to marry till they are nearer thirty than twenty. And at thirty the ten best child-bearing years have gone.

The science of genetics has a long way to go before we can be quite certain about even the offspring of Sheila's Cottage—further still before we can make predictions with certainty about babies. But there is already more than enough information to call for the kind of inspired statesmanship which has not yet been shown in any country in the world. If our politicians ever have time to think about the next generation the geneticists could give them some promising ideas.

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

What a difference it might have made if Karl Marx had danced round the maypole

Not So Merry Maytime

I'VE NEVER FELT quite happy about calling May Day "Labour Day," as so many of us Socialists have got into the habit of doing over the last fifty years.

The word "Labour" seems such a heavy, clumsy word to clamp on to anything so light and bright as May Day—about as suitable as mating a bulldozer with a butterfly.

All the same, I've always admired the smartness of the early Socialists in taking over May Day for their own—and so uniting our ancient joy in the blossoming of Nature with our Socialist hopes for the blossoming of world brotherhood.

And I suppose I ought to be looking forward to celebrating May Day this week with greater fervour than ever before—since this will be the third May Day under our present Socialist Government.

It's More Fun Opposing

But the queer thing is I've discovered I'm not feeling half so good about May Day this year as I did when we had a Conservative Government. And I've been wondering why.

Of course, it was always *easier* for a Socialist to enjoy himself on May Day when the Conservatives were in power.

Whatever private doubts he may have had about the doings of his own leaders, he could freely forget them on this one day, at least, and throw himself wholeheartedly into the demonstrations against the Tories.

I've found I get far more joy out of demonstrating *against* a government than in demonstrating *for* one. It stands to reason that clapping hands for Messrs. Attlee and Cripps is bound to be a bit milk-and-watery—compared with marching on Hyde Park, as in the old days, roaring defiance at Chamberlain and Churchill.

But I think my feeling of disappointment goes a bit deeper than that and further back in time. There's something missing from our modern May Day; something that went out with the maypole and the garlands on the village green; something, it seems to me, that Karl Marx forgot.

If only Karl Marx had done a bit of dancing round the maypole, what a difference it might have made to his economic interpretation of history! But, of course, the maypole, and so much that it stood for, had already been starved out of existence by scientific Capitalism long before Marx founded scientific Socialism.

In 1717, at the dawn of the modern scientific age, the last permanent maypole erected in London, in the Strand, was pulled down; and Sir Isaac Newton used it to make props for his new telescope.

I suppose most of his fellow scientists warmly approved. They probably called it "progress."

What's in a Maypole?

That maypole, standing in the Strand, decked with ribbons and garlanded with flowers—for idle people to dance around, to make love around—must have seemed, to the strictly scientific mind, a deplorable waste of good wood. But chopped up into props, supporting a telescope—why, everyone could see what a useful purpose it served.

That's the devil of it. Any fool can see the mechanical purpose of a prop. But the wisest of us can only make the vaguest guess at the cosmic purpose behind Maytime, maypoles and love.

So the man with the scientific type of mind, who likes to know exactly where he is, thinks it safer to leave all that sort of thing out of his calculations—even if his calculations can only tell him that a maypole is a cylinder of wood, equal in cubic content to a certain number of props.

Well, it may be a perfectly safe calculation, so long as you're dealing only with props.

But, when you're dealing with people, as our Socialist planners are, a calculation that leaves out the flowers and the love and a guess at the cosmic purpose seems to me one of the most dangerous calculations that any man can make.

Their Dreams Inspired Millions

The pioneers of our British Socialism, like William Morris, Keir Hardie, Blatchford, "Dangle" and dear old George Lansbury, were not much moved by Marxist or scientific urges. They preached about love and beauty, joy and justice, and vague indefinable things like that.

To the present-day dialectical materialist, they may seem, in Morris's own words, "idle dreamers of an idle day"—but it was their dreams, their faith, that gave the movement its inspiration and its great spiritual power. No dialectical materialist could have moved the hearts of millions as those dreamers did.

The Socialist Britain they dreamed of had a maypole on every village green. And when, in his old age, George Lansbury at last found himself in the Cabinet, the first thing he did was to set up "Lansbury's Lido" on London's village green, Hyde Park.

But, nowadays, the scientific planners have taken over. And while I've no doubt they're making a better job of the practical side of the business than the early dreamers could have done, I'm getting a bit worried in case they get so absorbed in calculating the necessary number of props that they forget we also need the maypoles, and all that maypoles stand for.

That, I think, is why I'm not feeling quite so jubilant about May Day this year.

It isn't only that we shan't be roaring defiance at the Tories; it isn't only that George Lansbury won't be there—with his fatherly smile and his air of mild astonishment at the cries of: "Good old George!"

It's the nasty niggling feeling inside me that the spirit of the old pioneers like George Lansbury, and all that they represented, is in great danger of being rubbed out under the stress of our scientific planning. I'm afraid we may get too much Marx and not enough Morris. And it won't be any use at all having the perfect Socialist system if, by the time we've got the system, we've forgotten the spiritual needs of the people whom that system was designed to serve.

Message I'd Blazon

It's nearly thirty years, now, since I first helped to make a banner for a May Day procession. We painted on it, I remember, "Workers of the World Unite."

But, for the Socialist powers that be, on this May Day of 1948, I think I'd want to paint a more pointed message on my banner.

"A little less Marx and a lot more Morris," perhaps. Or: "Take care of the maypoles, and the props will take care of themselves."

Something, anyway, to remind them that the Socialist movement was founded on a blazing religious faith and not merely on a desire for a scientific rationing scheme.

Continued from previous page

get a worse one at the bridge, after Purdy got booted around.

"Sam," Trudi said, "you know you've never asked me to go to a concert in Salzburg, or the opera in Linz. I love music, Sam, and yet you never give it to me. You never offer anything except cigarettes, or chocolate bars, or nylons, or blankets to make coats."

"Trudi," the sergeant said, "I'd just love to take you to the concert in Salzburg tonight. I'd like to take you anywhere, Trudi, any time you wanted to go." This was, the sergeant reflected, the first sentimental speech he had made in Europe.

"O.K., Sam," she said. "O.K." The way she said it, it sounded like home.

The sergeant returned to the sentry box. "Lieutenant," he asked, "can you get a vehicle assigned to me from the motor pool tonight?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

The sergeant asked another question. "Lieutenant, you're a good swimmer?"

"Pretty good, but——"

"Well, I don't think Trudi's so good." The sergeant signalled her with his hand. She kicked off her sandals, calmly climbed to the bridge railing, held her nose with her fingers, closed her eyes and jumped.

Lieutenant Purdy dived. He had a fine, free feeling as he plunged towards the muddy Enns. When he came to the surface he saw the fraulein, chin high above the water, struggling against the current. He reached her in two swift strokes, caught her shoulder, and felt her relax. Then he guided her towards the west bank. Looking up he saw a row of faces at each end of the bridge. The square face of the new Russky was split in a grin. The new Russky looked very happy. . . .

When the time came for Major Burrows to write his report, as duty officer, on the incident at the Enns bridge he gave it very serious consideration. It took him a whole day. He wrote three reports, and tore up each one. No matter how he phrased it, somebody was going to be offended. It was puzzling, for the problem had been solved, and orders still had been followed. Finally he had an idea.

"Commander 898th Constabulary Troop, U.S. Forces Austria," he wrote, "recommends an award of the Soldier's Medal for Second Lieutenant Vernon Purdy, o—19076842. At risk to his own life Lieutenant Purdy dove into the Enns River and rescued an indigenous female."

He was sure the colonel would agree with him that this covered everything.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Money Wasted?

A MAN OF FIFTY wonders if he has been wise to pay National Health Insurance voluntarily for over twenty years. He writes:

"I am a Post Office worker and therefore exempted from paying National Health Insurance. However, I have paid the full amount each week whereas many others have not contributed at all. Shall I receive any special benefits over those others when we all join compulsorily under the new scheme?"

When the new scheme operates you will be credited with the contributions paid as a voluntary contributor before it started and will have immediate title to the new benefits and pensions. Those persons who enter insurance in July will be treated as new entrants and will have to complete qualifying conditions before benefits are allowable.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

PAINTED DOLLS

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

"Gambling?" Bart boomed. "Is my own son suggesting I am a swindler? It's business"

Just fancy—Bart Rowlands, who ought to have been a millionaire, having to cadge off his own son!

ALL HE NEEDED was a hundred pounds. But to think that he had to ask his son for it. And in his sixtieth year. It was a most humiliating thing. With all his experience, his intelligence, his . . . flair, to have to go to that neat little villa and state his case to Edgar, whom he had put across his knee not many years ago.

It was all his brother's fault, of course. Bart Rowlands made a contemptuous spluttering noise as he remembered. They had gone into business together—it must be thirty years ago now.

Bart had had all the vision, all the drive. His brother Thomas had been gifted only with caution. Caution—fooff! Where did caution get you! They would have been millionaires by now if Thomas had listened to him.

They had started a little general store with some money that had come to them during the first World War. How clever he had been to find the place—a growing district. They soon had a van and an assistant. Bart had married, but Thomas remained single. Too cautious perhaps, Bart chuckled.

Then he had had his big inspiration. A general stores on every building estate! Wherever these rows of new houses were planned they would be the first to build or rent a shop. They would soon have ten, twenty, a hundred branches, Bart said. Nothing could stop them.

With his imagination and—he had to let Thomas think he was contributing something—and Thomas's book-keeping, they would grow and grow. Their own fleet of lorries carrying huge quantities of goods to their branches. Why they might even have their own ships, sailing the seven seas, to bring goods for their chain of shops.

And what had Thomas said? Mustn't try to run before you could walk. Steady does it. They were doing very nicely and perhaps in a year or two they might open a new branch.

Bart had laughed at that. He wasn't going to stand behind a counter all his life weighing up half-pounds of bacon! So Thomas had bought him out and he had started on his own.

Well, that first single venture of his hadn't turned out too well. What of it? Most great men had their set-backs at first. Bruce and the spider. . . . Anyway, he had soon been on his feet again. They had not even made him bankrupt.

And he had met Murchison who was as fertile in invention as himself. He and Murchison in 1922! Where might they not have gone together if Thomas had not been so short-sighted? Murchison had invented a glass leg. Yes, a glass leg. It was for showing off women's silk stockings in shop windows. You lighted it from the inside and the fine mesh of the stocking was apparent at once.

A brilliant idea, and Bart had seen its value as soon as Murchison had told him about it. Thousands in it, if it was properly handled. Even Thomas had said that it *might* be a good thing and had paid the cost of taking out a provisional patent which protected them for a year. And they had made a specimen leg.

Now, things like that don't fall in your lap. There had been little set-backs. The lighting had heated the glass which had damaged the stocking. A minor reverse. Only a little research needed. And then they found that some foreign firm had a patent. It would have cost practically nothing to buy them out. But would Thomas help? No, he had lost interest as soon as he found that more money was needed. No courage. No vision.

So their patent had lapsed and Murchison had become a salesman for a chocolate firm.

Now as Bart prepared to leave his bed-sitting room to interview his son, he thought angrily of all the frustration he'd had. With his unique talent for spotting chances and having the courage to follow them up! That pig scheme of his—a small farm, and a hundred subscribers to start with, each owning his own pig. It was like a bank: they would never all withdraw at the same time. . . . It would have grown and grown. He would have bought out all the great firms. Pork pies, sausages, no end to it.

But he couldn't get enough backing.

And here he was—sixty next year, with not enough money to pay for his digs. Fifteen shillings, and needing an overcoat. Could you believe it? Bart Rowlands, who ought to have been a millionaire, going to interview his son.

That was another injustice. Thomas had been killed in an air-raid and had left his business not to his brother who had been its founder, but to Bart's son, Edgar, then a young man in the Army. Edgar, with that pretty wife of his who made jokes. Bart had no use for her. And Edgar was well-to-do now. The whole business. It had grown quite a bit, Thomas's business. While his father, the only member of the family with any brain, could not pay for his digs.

"Right you are, Dad," Edgar had said on the phone, in exactly the same tone of voice as Thomas had used. "Come along and tell us about it. We'll see what we can do." Patronizing young pup. See what he could do! To his

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

father, who ought to have had his own yacht.

Bart Rowlands brushed his black jacket and adjusted his striped trousers. He wanted a button-hole. It "went with" him, he knew. A button-hole, and a cigar when he could get one. Financier type. That's what he should be—a financier. He smoothed the nap of his bowler hat on his sleeve, then twisted the tips of his grey moustache. He didn't look fifty-nine. Or feel it.

This time, though, there could be no question about it. He had a scheme which even Edgar could not doubt. And all he needed was a hundred. Plenty of time yet. In five years he would have made ten thousand. He could double that in a year. Easy to double big money. He would be wintering in the south of France before he was seventy. Bart Rowlands, the millionaire.

A tram and bus journey brought him to the silly little house in which Edgar lived. Bart spluttered as he saw the neat garden. Tinkering about with plants and things. His son. He ought to have a staff of gardeners and an acre of glass.

EDGAR came to the door himself. "Come in, Dad. Glad to see you. Freda'll be down in a minute. She's putting the boy to bed. Glass of sherry?"

Bart accepted that, though he thought that he might have been offered spirits. Edgar's shops were licensed.

"Well, what's the great scheme this time?" Edgar asked.

"This time? My boy, don't speak as though schemes grew on gooseberry bushes. I am not aware that I have offered you an opportunity before."

Edgar said nothing. He was not actually smiling but his father thought that there was a relaxed, indulgent expression on his face. Presently he looked straight at his father.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's big," said Bart, as though he were doubtful whether to confide in his son. "And it's sure," he added. He dramatically threw back his head to empty his sherry glass. Then—"And all it needs is a hundred pounds. For that I shall give you a twenty-five per cent interest."

"Sounds all right," said Edgar, who seemed very genial, Bart thought. "Let's hear the details."

Bart coughed, put the tips of his fingers together and began in a rather pompous voice.

"A man from South America gave me the idea," he said. "It had laid the foundations of his fortune."

"Where did you meet him?" asked Edgar irritatingly.

"What possible relevance can that have?" asked Bart, recalling the small bar and the seedy stranger. "It was at a lunch in the city, as a matter of fact."

Edgar nodded. But now, Bart noticed angrily, he *was* smiling.

"It concerns . . . it concerns *dolls*," said Bart portentously. "Painted dolls."

Edgar made a puzzled grimace.

Bart gave a rather false little laugh.

"Sounds funny, doesn't it? Most of the really big things do, my boy. There were plenty of jokes about the early Ford cars. I daresay people laughed at Rothschild. But they don't laugh now."

"I'm not laughing," said Edgar.

"I hope not. I hope you have enough intelligence to realize that when your father tells you he knows a good thing there's nothing to laugh at. With my experience and talent for finance. However, about these dolls."

"Do you want to spend a hundred pounds on making painted dolls, father?"

"Not exactly making them, my boy. Making the outfits for making them. You had better listen while I explain."

HE was interrupted by the entrance of Freda, his daughter-in-law, a fresh-looking, healthy young woman who called him Pop.

"Dad's just telling me his new scheme," said Edgar.

Bart did not miss the "new." He decided to go on as if there had been no interruption.

"No, I don't propose to make the dolls," he said, leaning forward and speaking as eagerly as a boy. "It's the outfits for making them. You see we advertise everywhere — local papers, hobbies' periodicals, country magazines. Something like this: '*Do you want to earn £10 a week in your spare time? Easy congenial work. Making and painting plaster dolls. We guarantee to purchase all you can turn out at 2s. 6d. each. Cost of materials a penny or two. Complete outfit and book of instructions sent on receipt of postal order for £1.*' Do you see the idea? The 'outfit' consists of a couple of moulds and instructions for mixing the paste. I can buy these moulds at £2 a gross."

Edgar said nothing at all, knowing better than to interrupt his father when he was in full swing.

"People are greedy, my boy. They see in this a profitable occupation for the evening. They think they could teach their children to do it. And an outlay of £1 is nothing nowadays. Nothing. The money would roll in." Bart's eyes were alight now. "Think of it! A flood of postal orders pouring into our office letter-box like water breaking a dam. Fifty, a hundred a day. We should have our outfits packed ready. One clerk to write the name and address on the label is all we should need. There would be at least eighteen shillings profit on every order—even counting the cost of the advertisement."

Bart paused, and noticing that his sherry glass had been refilled, drank from it with a little flourish.

"Can dolls be made that way? Out of paste? In a mould?" asked Edgar.

"Of course they can, my boy. I've seen the ones that my South American friend had. Carried them in his attaché case. Materials cost nothing. Plaster. Paste. I've got the recipe."

TO Bart's annoyance Freda chose this moment to put *her* spoke in.

"Reminds me," she said, with her light laugh, "of the man who advertised: 'How to make a thousand a year. Send 2s. 6d. in stamps for full information.' And in reply wrote simply: 'Do what I'm doing'."

Bart scowled at her, then back to Edgar. "This is a sound business proposition," he pointed out.

"But, Dad," said Edgar. "How would you purchase the dolls?"

Bart seemed to have been waiting for that.

"That's the beauty of the scheme, my boy. Snowball, don't you see? I wouldn't have to purchase the dolls until I had received the money for the outfits. Always be cash in hand. As more dolls come in, more outfits would have been ordered. *And* we'd sell 'em. Big toy shortage now. Might not be able to get a large profit on 'em, but that wouldn't matter. A lot of correspondence, of course. I should need a shorthand typist."

"But, Dad. . . ."

"There's no But, Edgar. This is a stupendous thing. The equivalent of a big factory working at full blast—but without a factory. Without capital expenditure. All over the country people working in their own homes to make our dolls. And we wouldn't stop at that. The possibilities are limitless." Bart spread his arms wide. "Don't you see it? Home Occupations, Ltd. Weaving outfits. Leatherwork outfits. Bootmaking outfits. And every time the capital subscribed, as it were, by the people who make the goods. In five years' time. . . ."

"But Dad, you'd be gambling with these people's money."

BART produced his most terrible voice. "*Gambling*, Edgar?"

"Well, that's what it comes to. And they would be the sort of people who could least afford to lose a pound. Maiden ladies, cripples."

Bart's face coloured.

"Are you . . . is my own son . . . suggesting that I have devised a scheme for swindling cripples and orphans? This is business, Edgar. Business. Something about which your father, with many years of experience, may claim to have rather more knowledge than you."

"I'm sorry, Dad. I shouldn't be prepared to put any money in it."

"You . . . you . . . what?" And before Edgar could answer Bart went on: "I'm offering you a chance in a life-time, my boy. This is a small thing in itself but it will lead to much greater."

"Sorry, Dad. There's nothing doing. If a tenner would be any use to you?"

"A tenner. My son offers me a ten pound note, when for a paltry hundred he could become a rich man. No, Edgar. I do not want a tenner. I shall give this opportunity to someone else. Someone with vision. You will regret to your dying day that you missed your chance."

He rose to his feet and shook hands with Freda, then made his histrionic exit from the room. He did not see the look which passed between his son and daughter-in-law before Edgar followed him.

"Better take this, Dad," said Edgar, when they stood in the hall. He held out a bundle of ten one-pound notes which he had had ready before Bart had reached the house. "Might be useful."

His father took the notes. But he could not bring himself to speak, even to thank his son for them. He crushed them in his pocket, set his bowler hat at a jaunty angle, and strode from the house.

"You *do* look sorry for yourself tonight," said the barmaid at his favourite pub. "Had some bad news, have you? Business bad?"

"No, no, my dear," said Bart, giving her a rather lifeless smile. "Just a *temporary* set-back."

As though, for him, anything would ever be more. As though death itself, when it came, would be more.

Island Story

Readers report experiences giving a slant on the way we live now. A guinea for each item printed

BUYING A PAIR of shoes a few days ago, I handed over the money and coupons at the cash-desk. Six coupons were left on one page and five from a previous purchase were stuck on the inside cover. "I'm afraid we can't accept these, sir," said the manager. "They're loose. You can only send them through the post." So I went to the nearby post office, posted the coupons by express letter, and went back to the shop. They arrived within a quarter of an hour. Everyone was satisfied and I left with my purchase. But what a palaver for a pair of shoes!—*Derek Taylor, 372 Brentwood Road, Gidea Park, Essex.*

★

AT EACH STATION more people were somehow squeezing into the packed tube train until the standing passengers could hardly breathe. A squashed immaculate City worker was looking more aggrieved at each stop. Then a working man, crushed next to him, cheered everyone by suddenly remarking: "Never mind, mate. Look at the dollars we're saving. We can't even get our hands to our pockets for a ruddy fag!"—*R. J. Templer, 116 Brocks Drive, North Cheam, Surrey.*

★

WISHING TO HAVE two large poplar trees removed from his country cottage garden, a friend of mine hired a man to do it. "Will a couple of pounds do?" asked the man. My friend thought this reasonable, and the next day the man chopped down the trees and loaded them ready for carting off. As my friend prepared to pay him, the workman surprised us by handing him two pound notes. Only then did we realize that the man had made him an offer for the timber and had not asked a fee for the job. Timber has a value today!—*M. J. Cummings, 112 Glyn Vale, Bedminster, Bristol, 3.*

★

ON ENTERING A Liverpool café I was somewhat surprised to see the following notice: "Our sugar is extra sweet. One lump is enough. But stir like hell!"—*D. A. Griffin, 127 Greenwich Road, Aintree, Liverpool.*

HEALTH PLAN *keeps this family fit*

GEORGE AND GRANDAD—*same good health, same good reason*

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Scott's Emulsion EVERY SPOONFUL LEADS TO BETTER HEALTH

Gwen's
HEARTBURN

An actress gorgeous to behold,
With starry eyes and hair of gold,
Was Gwendolen—how tragic then
That heartburn always seized her when
She stepped upon a stage.
Poor Gwen might thus have blushed unseen,
If kindly friends there had not been
To give her Rennies—two—to take
Which promptly eased her tummy-ache,
So now she's all the rage.
The moral, friends, should be quite clear—
For tummy-ease keep Rennies near.

UPSET stomach—pain after meals, heaviness—are almost always due to *excess acid*. Quick relief comes from sucking two Rennies tablets, one-by-one, like sweets. Rennies have a five-fold action which neutralizes acid stomachs, brings back well-being. They are separately wrapped, convenient for handbag or pocket, and can be taken anywhere, at any time, without the need for water, glass or spoon. If two Rennies don't speedily end stomach-pain you should see your doctor. Rennies can be had from any chemist, 25 for 9d., or the big economy size—100 for 2/8 (tax included).

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** d14-5.

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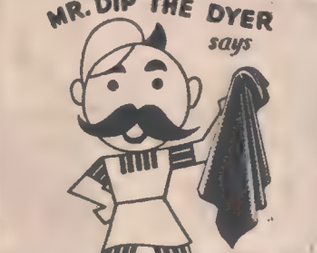

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Complete Your Make-up in Colour Harmony with *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick.

Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 10

and the first thing you know he'll be pulling G.I.s out of the boats on the lakes, and off the beaches, and alerting everybody and ruining their Sunday."

"I guess this time I'll take your advice," Lieutenant Purdy said.

Half an hour later the major called. "The colonel," he said, his voice uneven with anxiety, "is burned up. The colonel said you ought to have better sense than create an incident like this."

"All he has to do," protested Lieutenant Purdy, "is tell me to let the fraulein through."

"That's just it," said Major Burrows. "That's exactly what he can't do. It would be strictly contrary to all directives. He was forced to refer the matter to Zone Command, and Zone Command referred it to Vienna."

"Well, what did Vienna say?"

"You understand," said the major, "that you've put me—that is, all of us—in a bad spot?"

"Well, what am I supposed to do now?"

"It went to the highest—the very highest—quarters in Vienna, and Vienna says it is a matter for the Allied Council. They meet next Friday."

"I'm not supposed to keep this fraulein out here until next Friday?" the lieutenant pleaded.

"I don't know what else to tell you," said Major Burrows. "I can't give permission for her to enter the zone, and neither can the colonel, nor any of the generals. It's what you might call a stalemate. Can't you persuade the Russians——"

"Why don't you come down here," the lieutenant said, "and try to persuade the Russians?"

Taking the can back

He dropped the telephone into its cradle. Nothing had gone according to plan—nothing at all. When the colonel got back from Gmunden it was likely that Lieutenant Purdy would be on the next plane back to the States. They would bury him on duty at some obscure ordnance depot. He would never get to be a first lieutenant, much less a general.

"This is ridiculous," Lieutenant Purdy murmured. "This can't be."

"It's rough," agreed Sergeant Dill.

"It's incredible," said Lieutenant Purdy. "We can't pitch a tent out there for her, can we? Still, we can't make her sleep in the open."

"Either way, we're going to look pretty bad."

"Those stupid Russkies!" exclaimed the lieutenant. He stared with distaste at his opposite number across the bridge. The Russky glowered back. "Sergeant, isn't there anything we can think of?"

"Well," said Sam Dill, "there just might be. Depends on Trudi."

The sergeant walked out on the bridge. Trudi Elburz looked up at him, tilting her head on one side in the provocative way she had. "Well, Sam," she said, "you should be proud of yourself!"

"Can't say that I am," the sergeant admitted quietly. "And I'll be less proud when I tell you what you've got to do to get off this bridge. Trudi, you've got to jump."

"I see," Trudi said. "My presence here is embarrassing. You want me to drown myself. I won't do it."

"Do you want to get off the bridge, Trudi?"

"Naturally. But not that bad. It's out of the question."

"Winter will come again," the sergeant said. "You need a winter coat. Your mother will need C.A.R.E. packages."

"Sam, you know you can't bribe me."

The sergeant thought, well, I tried. It was going to be tough on Purdy. He felt sorry for Purdy. He had known worse second lieutenants and he might

Continued on page 22

FOLLOW THEM TO THE ALPS

MEET JOHN BULL'S first party of readers to visit Switzerland. You see them here beside the mighty Rhone Glacier, high spot of a free coach trip through some of the grandest of Alpine scenery.

Those readers won their Swiss holidays in *Bullets* last year. The first of this summer's Swiss holiday winners is announced on this page—and so is an opportunity for *you* to join the party.

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Start now on the *Bullets* for your coupon below and win your way to the Alps.

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BONUSES for £2 WINNERS

Any £2 prize you win will be accompanied by a Fountain-pen if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you; keep note of entries in case of need.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated May 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

For *Bulletin & Gazette* dated May 22, enclose Label below with your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

World We Live In
Path Of Progress
Talking War
Everybody's Target
To Help Cripps
Happy Day
On All Sides
As Far As It Goes
Hidden
My Old Suit
In The Safe
Too Much Trouble
A Little Digging And
Her Love
Poor Man's Holiday
Beer And Baccy
Cautiously
Grandpa's Bath-chair
Had The Last Laugh
At The Beauty Parlour

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

The Russian.....
Not Much.....
One Of The.....
Music In.....Ears
..... Apologized, But
Could Do With A.....

POST ENTRY, ADDRESSED

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STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated May 22 containing HOLIDAY CASH OFFER

441

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper—see Bonus Offer

Closing Postmark, **1,628** MON., MAY 10

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"BULLETS" HOLIDAY WINNERS No. 1,624

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: A. E. Dodson, c/o Ward 12, Queen Mary's Hospital, Sidcup:

WON'T IT BE NICE WHEN WHAT WE "MAKE," *Ours*!

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: H. Stewart, 16 Factory Road, East Kirkby, Notts: THE IRON CURTAIN—MAKING *Me* "PRIVATE" AGAIN?

THIRD PRIZE, £20 plus Seaside Holiday: D. Mackey, 23 Cambridge Street, Wolverton, Bletchley: MISSED THE TARGET—BY "INCH" FOREMAN GAVE.

FOURTH PRIZE, £15 plus Seaside Holiday: W. Wardle, 413 Old Walsall Road, Great Barr, Birmingham, 22A: SAME OLD INDIFFERENCE—INSANE OLD DIFFERENCES—WAR!

FIFTH PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: Mrs. I. Thomas, 34 Northdale Mount, Little Horton, Bradford: WONDERFUL THING—IN PRESENT MESS, PLEASANTNESS.

SIX OF £5 plus Seaside Holiday: R. G. Bonfield, 61 Westbourne Road, London, N.7: NOTICE TO QUIT—GOLF-COURSE, *Lowered* TO FATHER! J. M. Bonthron, Clackmarras Schoolhouse, Longmorn, Elgin: IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA — ONE EXPRESSES *One* OPINION! W. B. Courtney, 12 Norbury Court Road, S.W.16: GROWING NETTLES — GARDEN — DOESN'T *Conscience* "STING"? F. T. Evans, 92 Newark Road, Luton: JOB FOR GRANDPA—FETCHING PENSION — GRANDMA, "STRETCHING." W. Myers, 121 Dudley Road, Grantham: SCUM OF THE EARTH—BUT *Somebody* MUST REFEREE! J. Ridgeway, 37 Beech Road, Odsal, Bradford: WON'T IT BE NICE WHEN—RAILWAY REFRESHMENT ROOMS "REFRESHED"!

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Seaside Weeks

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Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues **XWORD 580**

1. Memory of, may discourage a gardener from growing certain vegetables
2. It's important that teacher of physical jerks should be sound as
4. May well frighten kiddies brought up foolishly
5. One expects this to glow
8. Rich men aren't usually frightened of
11. Car driver sometimes notices that one falls off
13. In some places, a man may get time from
14. Hastily to condemn one as entirely evil is unwise

Down Clues

1. Traveller in foreign ones has more to contend with today
3. Should appreciate quality of really good bowler
6. Foolish this occasionally gets a person into a mess
7. Many gardeners neglect to use these, to their cost
9. It's not unusual to see one in front of castle
10. Often makes one suspect the worst
12. There's nothing necessarily illogical in kicking up a row about this

CASH and HOLIDAYS WON—XWORD 576

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Fees. 2, Mush. 6, Pull. 7, Face. 11, Gate. 13, Cells or Wells. 15, Zones. DOWN: 3, Huddle. 4, Sting. 5, Class. 8, Wales. 9, Zeal. 10, Flesh. 12, Trams. 14, Wet.

TWO £100 SHARERS: A. Betts, Long Compton, nr. Shipston-on-Stour; C. W. Gervis, 414 Deerlands Avenue, Parson Cross, Sheffield, 5. Winners also receive Week's Seaside Holiday for Two.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 25 entrants.

WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 22.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

580 Closing Postmark, MON., MAY 10

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Annual Report figures just published point to a year of
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ADDITION TO FUNDS in 1947	£8,334,173
TOTAL FUNDS	£161,471,881

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ORDINARY BRANCH — £1 per £100 sum assured on policies entitled to participate in full profits.
INDUSTRIAL BRANCH — Amounts appropriate to the classes and dates of the policies concerned. £13,351,137 has now been allocated in bonuses in the Industrial Branch up to date, £1,032,745 having been allocated on this occasion.

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MANCHESTER 20

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"Home or away, I prefer a hollow ground blade!"

SAYS Stan Matthews
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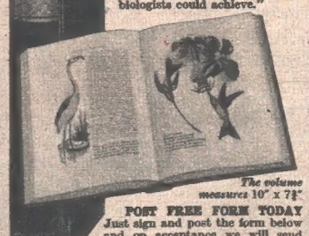

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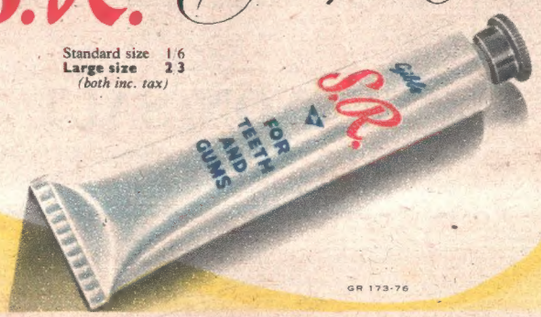

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